KITE CUTTING IN THE AIR.

A MURDEROUS-LOOKING INSTRUMENT USED IN NEW-ORLEANS.

INTRODUCED AT A NORTHERN RESORT BY A JUSTICE OF THE SUPREME COURT AND THE PRESIDENT OF THE LOUISIANA CANE GROWERS' ASSOCIATION.

Many an old heart has been made young again of late by the discovery that kite-flying can now be indulged in by others than boys without loss of dignity. What was once merely pastime has now been reduced, or advanced, to a science. In the city, of course, no one but scientific men, or such as pursue their amusements under the guise of science, have been able to play with kites. They have sent them up from the roofs of tall buildings and told us how they contrived to avoid being dragged off and dashed to pieces on the paving stones; how the reels or windlasses were handled; how much superior pianowire is to rope when one wishes to put up a flight of kites a-tandem, and all that sort of thing. All this without causing the hearts of mature readers to beat any quicker. At the summer resorts this summer it has been different. One tug at a kite-string changed staid men into boys again, and awakened memories of arts and artifices which had been put aside for a generation or more. "Grown-ups" not only asked permission to feel "how she pulled," but sent their business cards travelling up the string as messengers, and tried their hands at kite-making.

Of course deference had to be paid to the scientific spirit which had brought so delightful a privilege to the old boys; and so before they began the construction of the old-fashioned types which they had known in boyhood—bows, four

THE NEW-ORLEANS BOYS' KITE CUTTER.

and six cornered—some experimented with the new-fangled things with which military men and meteorological sharps are amusing themselves and calling the sport scientific investigation. These are the Hargrave, cellular or box-kites, and the Malays, which look like an old-style four-cornered or diamond kite, save that they are made to fly without tails by putting the cross-stick near the top and binding it so as to permit the covering to "bag."

It would perhaps not be fair toward science to quote the opinions of the old boys as to the comparative excellence of the new-fangled flying machines and the kites of their boyhood days; but it was noticeable at one of the resorts on the Maine coast, at least, that several grown-ups wearied of the scientific things and turned to the old styles with enthusiasm. Then, too, the writer got acquainted with the singular instrument portrayed herewith, and learned how the tug of a kite could arouse ambitions that had long been dormant. In a group of men watching a kite that had been put up for their entertainment was a Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of a New-England State and the president of the Louisiana Cane Growers' Association. The kite was of the six-cornered type, and had been built and put up by a Louisiana man. It behaved brilliantly, and the Justice felt State pride welling up within his breast as he came forward to "see how she pulled." The New-Englander confessed with due humility that though he had invented a corn-planter as a boy, he had never made a kite that could have compared with the New-Orleans specimen soaring hundreds of feet above him.

"That's the kind of kite that can fly!" said the Justice of the Supreme Court, holding to the string. "Doesn't she pull! Now we ought to have cutters on her tail."

The men from the North knew naught of cutters, but the president of the Cane Growers' Association explained and demonstrated. He got a champagne bottle that must have been cast up by the sea (how else should it have reached the shores of Rockland Harbor?), and, seating himself by a stone, began tapping the bottle against it. He worked with great care and patience, and when he had done the greater part of the bottle had been reduced to tiny bits. From the heap he selected a dozen flakes of glass which were more or less crescent-shaped and had sharp edges on their concave sides. These he placed, concave side upward, in a wisp of broom straws, and fastened them firmly by winding twine around the wisp. A day or two later the kite-flyers at the beach were made to realize the wonderful effectiveness of the graceful but murderous-looking instrument when attached to the tail of a kite.

In New-Orleans, it appears, a part of the amusement of kite-flying consists in arming the kite-tails with these cutters and sending them up to cut the twine of other kites high in the air. Sometimes a number of kites will be similarly armed, and pitched battles are then fought, the boys manœuvring one against the other for positions which shall enable them to drop their kite-tails across a rival's string. Once this is accomplished, a slight pull sends the kite upward, and the bits of crescent-shaped glass do their work.

MOVING A UNIVERSITY.

BUSY SCENES AT FORTY-NINTH-ST. AND AT MORNINGSIDE HEIGHTS.

GREAT CARE NECESSARY IN TRANSFERRING THE VALUABLE COLLECTIONS TO COLUMBIA'S NEW BUILDINGS—TO BE READY FOR THE OPENING ON OCTOBER 4.

There are many signs of industry at One-hundred-and-sixteenth-st., Morningside Heights, and in and around the red college building at Forty-ninth-st. and Madison-ave. Columbia University is moving, and so great are the collections, so delicate much of the apparatus, that the mere transferring of these things to their new resting-place is no ordinary task. It is indeed a stupendous piece of work, for not only must all these articles, thousands in number—hundreds of thousands, in fact—be carried safely, but each must, without fail, be deposited in a certain corner of the new grounds, in some especial room of some especial building, alongside of some particular case, shelf or desk.

As carefully as if they were open baskets of glassware or pasteboard boxes containing new

MOVING CHEMICAL APPARATUS INTO HAVEMEYER HALL.

STACKING THE BOOKS IN THE NEW LIBRARY.

fall bonnets are these cases brought down from the old Varsity rooms, loaded into padded moving vans (small loads being the rule), driven carefully up to the slope just to the southeast of Grant's Tomb, and there put in charge of skilled laborers, who set them down in their proper rooms. Though exactness in delivering (each case being marked) and great care are impressed upon the movers, Columbia does not think these sufficient precautions, and her professors and tutors are continually hovering around both the old and the new sites, not interfering with the work, but keeping a watchful eye upon it, lest something from their respective departments should go astray or be packed badly.

A month has already been consumed in this moving; on a small scale, in fact, it has been going on ever since the middle of June. Only within the last fortnight, however, has it reached its present proportions. All the goods and chattels in the old buildings must be up on Morningside Heights by the first Monday in October (October 4) when the new University year opens, and it is hoped that the specimens and apparatus will be by that time completely arranged, and the lecture-rooms and offices ready for occupancy.

It will take much brisk, energetic work, for the buildings themselves are not finished as yet. Comparatively little remains to be done to these, however, except the finishing touches, and these, in most cases, can be quickly added. Scaffolding is still in the massive rotunda of the Library, the long steps and the platform in front of this central structure are yet far from completion, and the little amphitheatres of Schermerhorn and Havemeyer halls have much more to be done on them. But, take it all in all, the new University is now an accomplished fact, and the full beauty of the plan and the harmony of the buildings, one with another, can be seen. The white marble of the Library, with its shining, graceful dome, stands out against the soft pinkish tones of the four other buildings, all that are to be erected at present. The building that will be, next to the Library, the most impressive of all—University Hall, to contain gymnasium, electric and other running plants of the entire site, and the academic theatre, seating twenty-five hundred persons—is not to be built this winter, except the lower story, even up to the terrace that overlooks the northern part of the grounds. This building will be on the lower level of the ground, but its main entrance and its row of columns are to front on the terrace.

In all the new buildings workmen are hammering together specimen cases, erecting tables and placing seats in the lecture rooms. Officially as yet the University is downtown. Though nearly three-quarters of its movable property has been carted up to the new buildings, the executive offices and the professors' and tutors' studies still remain in their old places, and Columbia's teachers, in the main, must be sought in Forty-ninth-st. yet. The only notable exception is Professor Chandler, who has moved bag and baggage into his rooms in Havemeyer Hall. The executive offices, it was expected, would be moved more than a week ago, and any day may see them uptown now. When once the corporation officially shakes the dust of the old college off its feet professors, tutors and assistants will rapidly follow suit.

A WRECK OF THE PAST.

The School of Mines downtown, that dingy, inconvenient building, where two generations of boys, if not three, have studied practical science, is now a wreck of the past. So, too, is Hamilton Hall, across the campus, where classical literature has been for several score of years taught. Packing cases and boxes stand around, and the shelving, tables and sets of drawers which are to be left behind are dusty and uncared for. There are holes and great gaps here and there where apparatus has been torn out, to be reset uptown against fresh new plaster and glossy paint.

All that saves the rooms from complete desolation are the groups of merry workmen (the moving of Columbia has proved a huge boon to hundreds of toilers), nailing, packing, moving, hoisting, and making the air ring with the noise of their labor. Specimens of the most delicate sort are stowed away with the tenderest of touches, and a few moments later these same men will whirl along the floor huge and heavy cases as if they were cardboard houses.

Hamilton Hall, having little besides books, desks, seats and tables, has been almost emptied by this time. But the School of Mines buildings, with all the scientific paraphernalia, presented a more complicated problem. Very much has been sent away from here, but there are still many more loads to go. To get all this mass of material out of this group of buildings easily a clever plan was resorted to. A huge freight elevator was built up to the top of the building, on the outside of the "L" that runs down to Forty-ninth-st., at the corner of Park-ave., near the New-York Central's tracks. On each floor the outer wall next to the elevator was torn down to make an opening from floor to ceiling, and about six feet wide. At the foot of this elevator a platform was built and the padded vans backed directly up to this. On each floor the cases, as they are ready, are rolled to the opening and let safely down, without the danger of jarring.

The old library is the only interior that has not been dismantled. Nearly one-third of the books have been sent uptown, and yet the shelves seem filled, the great reading room has very nearly its accustomed air, and the librarian, George H. Baker, is at his desk. As if there was no thought of moving at all, the cataloguing girls sit at their tables and go on with their usual work. The method of transferring the volumes to their new shelves several miles away is complete. Boxes holding several score of volumes are packed up, about three shelf-partitions of books being put into each. The tabs on the backs of the books show their place in the new library as well as in the old, and when they arrive uptown they are put promptly where they belong. There is no danger, therefore, of a book getting out of its place. At worst it cannot get out of its division, and each division will be looked over as soon as the books are all in.

Packed in their boxes, paper is laid over in lieu of cover, and the boxes are slid down the library stairway on a plank. On arrival at the new library, they are either hoisted up the outside of the building to the rooms up stairs or taken on little trucks to the "stacks" in the basement. Boys, carefully trained, put them on the proper shelves.

THE LIBRARY SHELVING.

The shelving in this new library is worthy of especial notice. It consists of great skeleton frames of metal, painted a dark, rich green, and the shelves are adjustable, it being possible to raise or lower any one in an instant. With these 100,000 volumes can be compressed into a comparatively small space. On either side of the library, and on the second floor, are ar-

WOMEN WEARING JEWELLED CROSSES.

From The Manufacturing Jeweller.

The up-to-date woman wears her cross if she is so fortunate as to possess one. As an article of jewelry this symbol of suffering is as popular as it was in the days of our grandmothers. When the grandmothers were girls the possession of a handsome bejewelled cross that could be worn as a pin, a hair ornament or a locket amounted almost to a badge of aristocracy. The black ones, studded with diamonds or pearls, or both, were the highest in favor, as they are today. The fashionable cross must be antique-looking. Not everybody's grandmother possessed one, however, so the jewellers have come to the rescue of the woman who did not fall heir to one and are bringing out exquisite designs in Roman gold. Most of them are studded with precious stones and many have backgrounds of black enamel. It is by no means a taking form of personal adornment, but the women like it.

HIS CATCHING AVERAGE.

From The Indianapolis Journal.

"Have a good time on your vacation?" asked the man who could not go.

"Made a record of .750," cheerfully answered the young man.

"Did what?"

"Proposed to thirty-six girls and was accepted by twenty-seven."